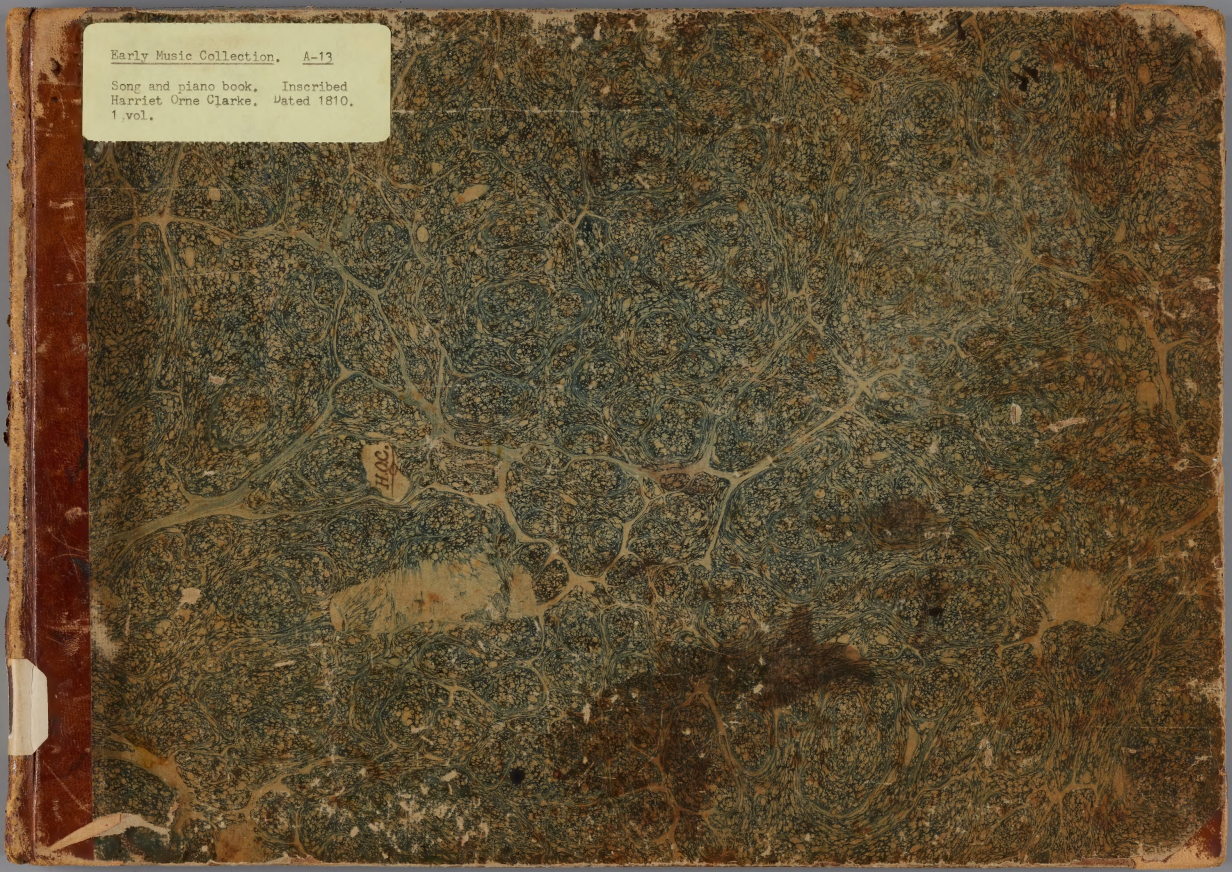
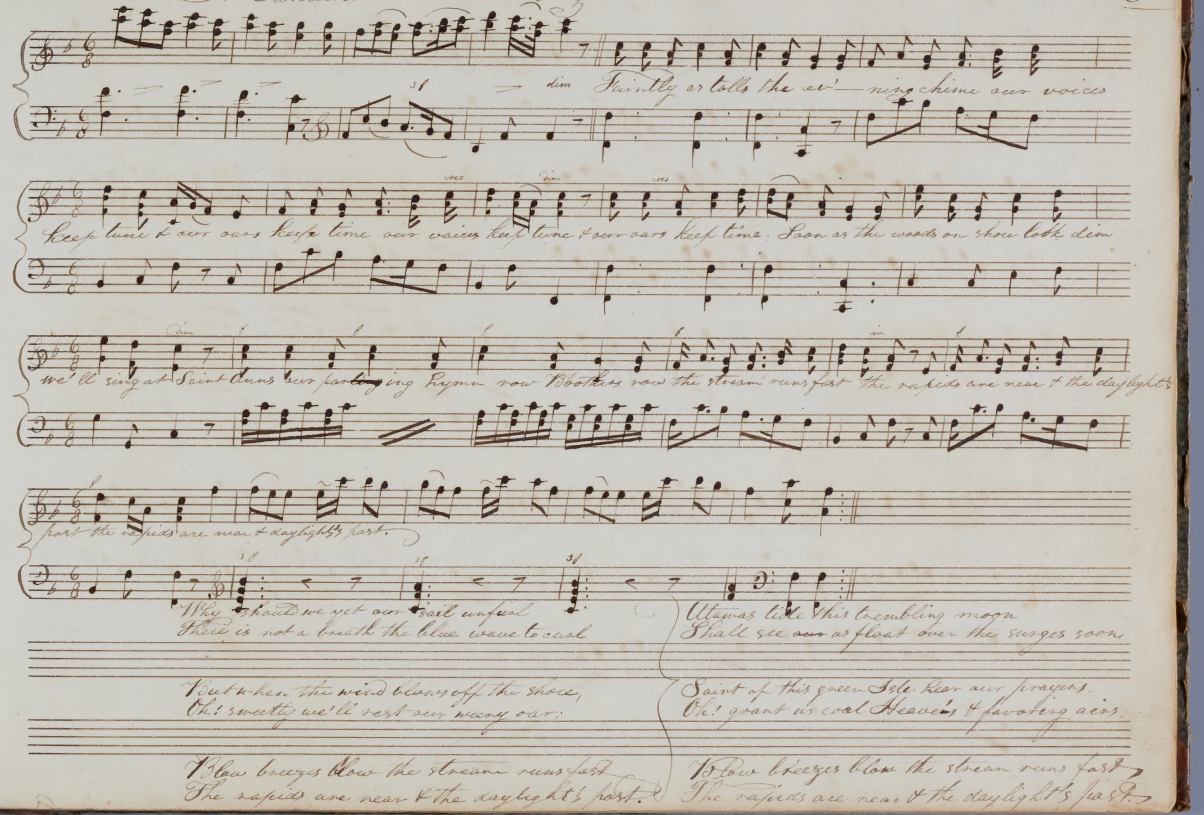

Early Music Collection. A-13

Song and piano book. Inscribed
Harriet Orne Clarke. Dated 1810.
1 vol.

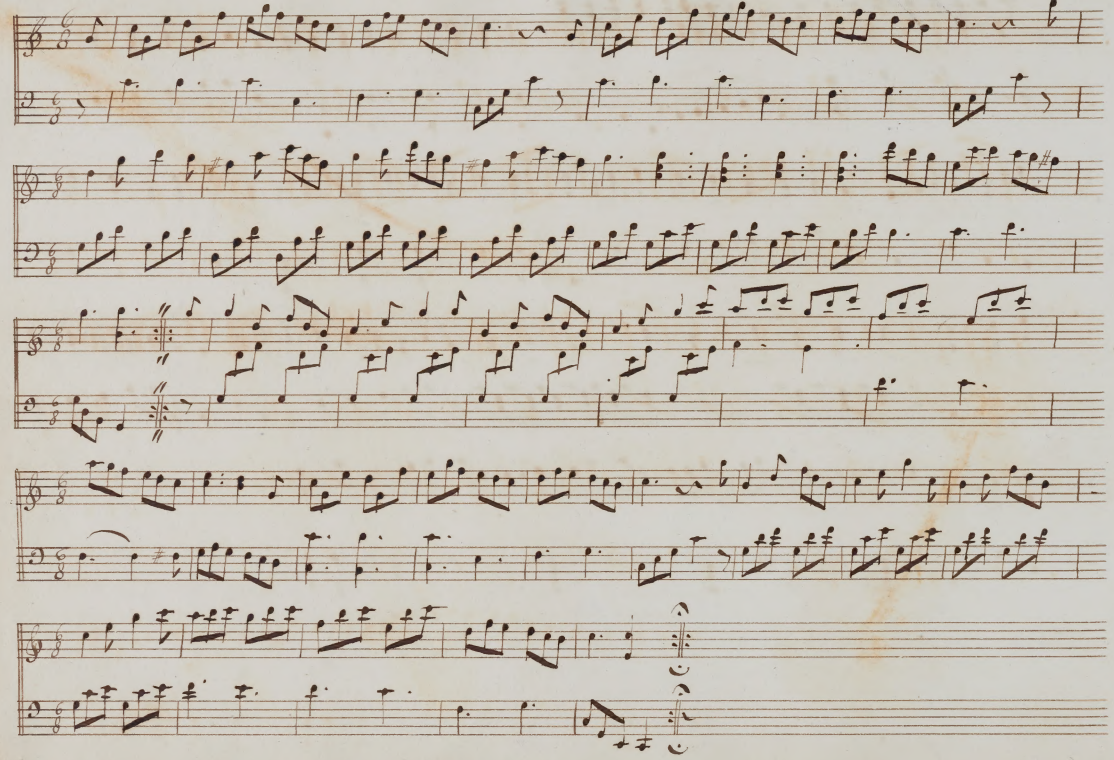
HOC.

Harriet Orne Clarke.
1810.

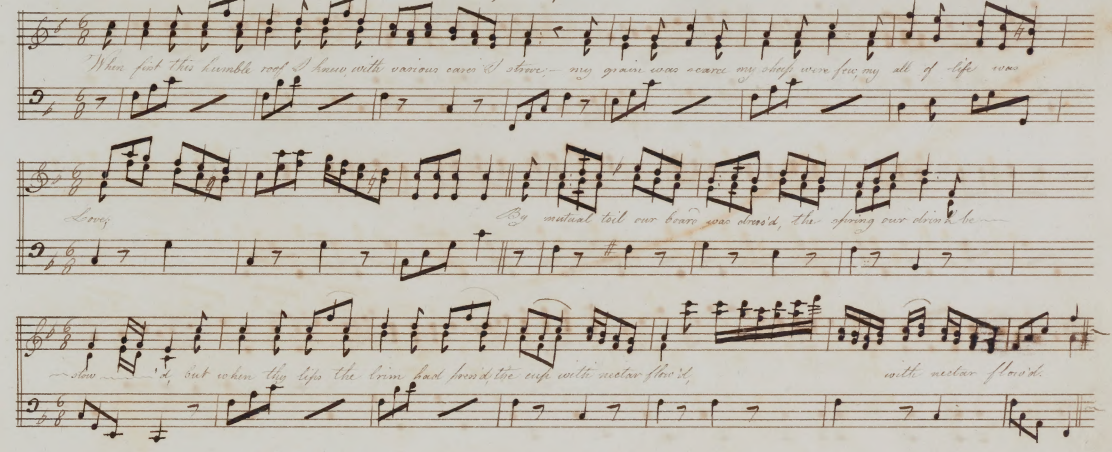
A Canadian Boat Song.


dim
Faintly as tolls the evening chime our voices
Keep time our oars keep time our voices keep time our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim
We'll sing at Saint Anns our parting Hymn row Brothers row the stream runs fast the rapids are near & the daylight's
past the rapids are near & daylight's past.
Why should we yet our sail unfurl
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl
Otawas tide this trembling moon
Shall see us safe float over the surges soon
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Saint of this green Isle hear our prayers
Oh! grant us cool Heavens & favoring airs
Blow breezes blow the stream runs fast
The rapids are near & the daylight's past.
Blow breezes blow the stream runs fast
The rapids are near & the daylight's past.

Rondeau



The all of life is Love.


When first this humble roof I knew with various cares I strove — my grain was scarce, my sheep were few, my all of life was
Love,
By mutual toil our board was dress'd, the spring our drink he
Slow
But when the lips the brim had prest the cup with nectar flow'd,
with nectar flow'd.

Content one peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh.

Then Delia let our thoughts aspire,
& the charms of wealth to scorn;

On them were given though gold was spar'd,
What gold can never buy.

Let those the worthless flower acquire,
Who grasp the pointed thorn;

No valley has so splendid lot
But it the means to form,

While others pant for place or fame,
May I ye powers adore

That from the cradle to the cot
The all of life is Love.

With rapture every hour reclaim,
The all of life is Love.

Rondeau.

Da Capo.

Knox's March.

Sweet girl thy charms

Sweet girl thy charms my soul delight, For thee my bosom

sighs, Each sol- emn vow to thee I plight My heart disdains dis guise, Thy fa- ci- nu- ting

se- rafic smiles, Other best joys in- spi- re, Thy beauteous form and witching wiles, My breast with passion fire.

Of thee by night I restless dream,
To thee in thought I rove,

Come then my charmer haste to me,
Transfixed by cupid's dart

Oh! how my bliss would be supreme,
Could I possess thy love.

In mutual fondness we'll agree
And never never part.

Swiss Guards March.

Fishers Minuet.

The Willow Tree.

Music by Mr Braham.

Oh take me to your arms my love for

keen the wind doth blow Oh take me to your arms my love for bitter is my woe the heavens not the eaves not nor will she list to

me and here I lie in misery beneath the willow tree willow willow willow beneath the willow tree.

D.C.

My Love has Wealth and Beauty the wish all men for door
My Love has Wealth and Beauty but I alas am poor

The Ribband pair that bound her hair is all that's left for me
And here I lie in misery beneath the Willow tree.

Willow &c.

I once had gold and silver I thought it without end
I once had gold and silver I thought I had a friend

My Wealth is lost, my friend is false my love is stole from me,
And here I lie in misery beneath the Willow tree!

Willow &c. &c.

The Battle of the Nile.

Arise arise Britannia arise and join in the shouts of the patriotic throng — Arise arise Britannia's sons arise and let

Heavens walls echo with your songs, For the genius of Albion victory proclaiming — this through the world our mighty deeds maintaining

and the Battle of the nile shall be foremost on the file of the Battle of the Nile shall be foremost on the file And Nelson gallant Nelson's name ob-

plauded shall be. Huzza — huzza — huzza huzza huzza boys, Non quaesivi for as what freedom did by charter gain, huz —

za huzza huzza huzza huzza boys, Britannia still Britannia rules the main.

The proud sons of France with insults haughty seem'd
Of air long been a part to the neighbouring independancy,

And vainly did hope their conquest would be borne,
In harmony triumphant o'er the main;

But Nelson soon taught them with peals of British thunder
To the flag of royal George bear their duty to knock under,

And the Battle of the Nile, was decisive of the spoil,
And Laurels grac'd the brows of the loyal British foil.

In council above the Deities of war met
Determined to give to merit its reward,

And seen on the Brow of each shordy Britain,
Has plaited a splendid laurel crown,

The loud trump of Fame, o'er earth & ocean sounding
With Howe, Jervis, Duncan, & Nelson's name resounding,

While the Battle of the Nile was rivaled by the whole
The Angelic choir, responsive sung the glories of that day

Arouse arouse ye sprightly sons of mirth
And receive your protector with open arms returning,

One view and view the spoil they with their brows have bought,
To glory to the haffy haffy isle,

And a British seaman's name to all posterity shall be known,
To crown his deeds an honour to his brows,

Let the Records of the Nile enshrine the deed
what Nelson has done,

to age yet unborn shall transmit

Overture to Lodoiska.

Lento

Allegro con spirito.

The Hindoo Girl.

'Tis my will; I must leave the O there is - behold one - link!

I for one must prove thee - if we can't prove it all, one Relic fix will make the - last link with us

But tho' she to no stern warn - ing can't escape thy soon Hindoo.

1. Yes I know this temple beauty
Soon the envious Bride will steal

2. Soon in vain to wait on tree

3. Vi - sit - ing - me - man - tree points
Other wonders with pencil claim;

But will she thy anxious duty
Soon a Lilian name as mine.

And those with attentions render
more sweet the Last Locust on me.

But thy Sola broken hearted,
Pine & wear to still gain.

If to wife be her ambition,
And her own shores to see

Yet why doubt her - come to leave the
one most very dear to me

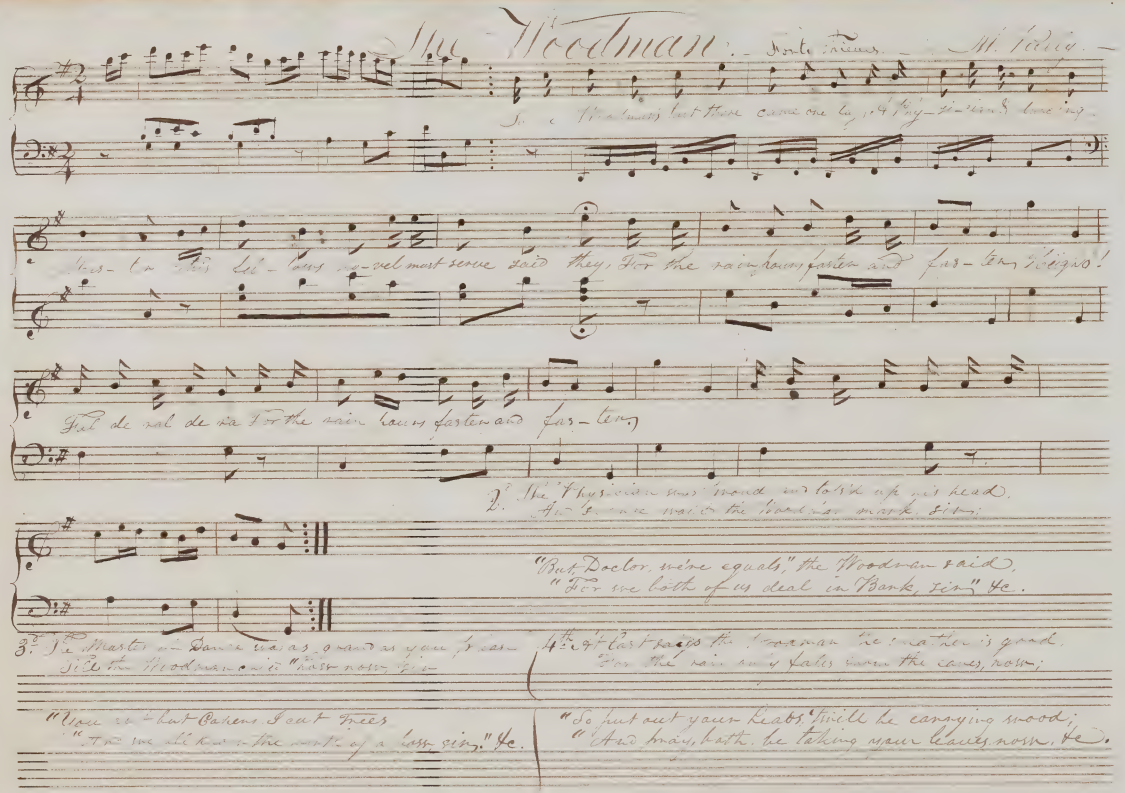
O! Love fast man thee they bear me
Faster still, shall be the pursuit

Then I seek me found a stranger
And no more the soon Hindoo!

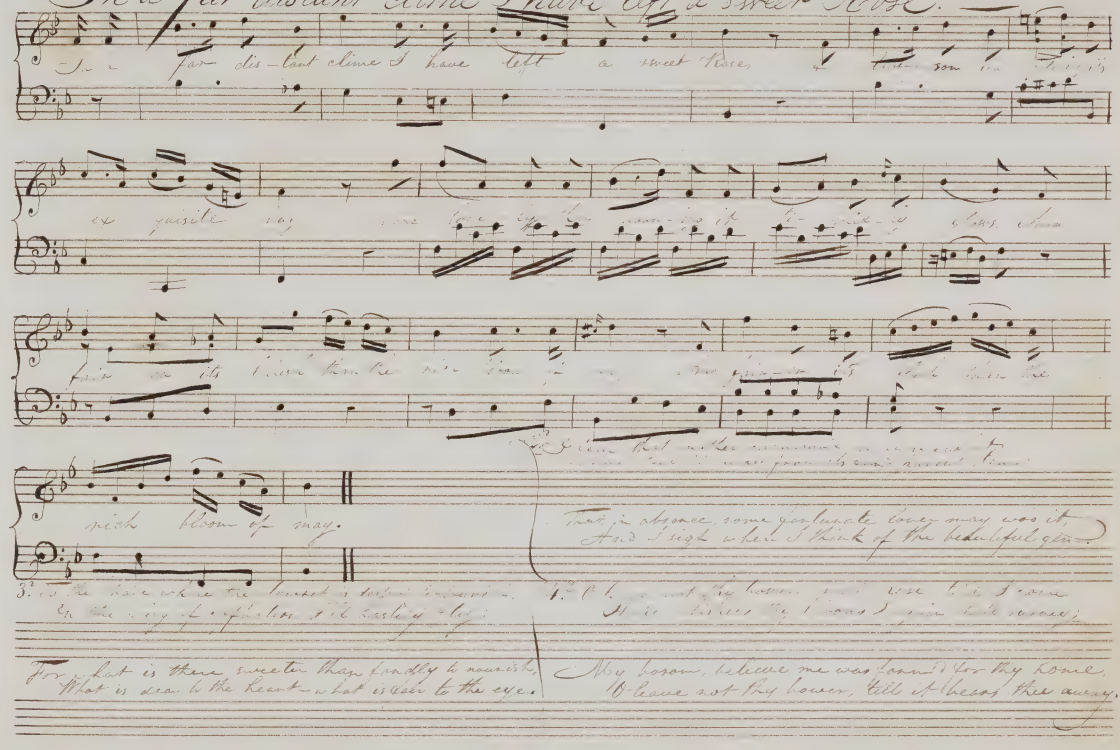
I am sure each night the fig tree
Leaves the lake thy soon Hindoo!

But it's wife - ren the sin - cere me
Shall not mate my soon Hindoo!

The Woodman. — Poole Pieces. — M. Kelly. —

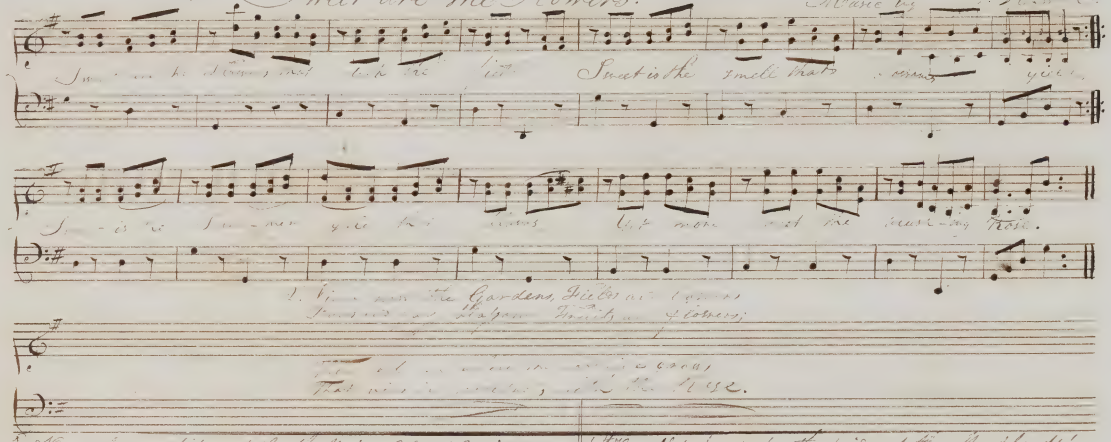

The Woodman's hut there came one day A Fay-ie-vin & love-ing
Yes- in this lit- tle cov- el must serve said they; For the rain hows faster and fas- ter it rains!
Tol de ral de ra! For the rain hows faster and fas- ter
2. She Fay-ie-vin was round in to talk up yet head.
How came was to the Woodman mark story;
"But Doctor, we're equals," the Woodman said,
"For we both of us deal in Bank, sir," &c.
3. The Master in Dance was as grand as you please
Sir the Woodman only "Pass now, &c.
4. At last steps the woman the weather is good.
For the rain runs Falls down the eaves, now;
"You're but Bakers I eat trees
"For we all know the worth of a kiss, sir," &c.
"So put out your Leads Twill be carrying wood;
"And away, both, be taking your Leaves, now, &c.

In a far-distant clime I have left a sweet Rose.


In a far dis- tant clime I have left a sweet Rose,
ex quisite ray
wish blown of may.
3. I've a face where the lowest of tortures is found
In the ring of its flaxen & Curl of its lock
For but is there sweeter than Kindley to nourish,
What is dear to the Heart what is dear to the eye.
That in absence, some fortunate lover may woo it
And I sigh when I think of the beautiful grow
4. O I've sent the bosom, your kisses to crown
It is known to the Flowers I pain took never;
My bosom, believe me was born for my home,
To leave not thy bower, till it bears thee away.

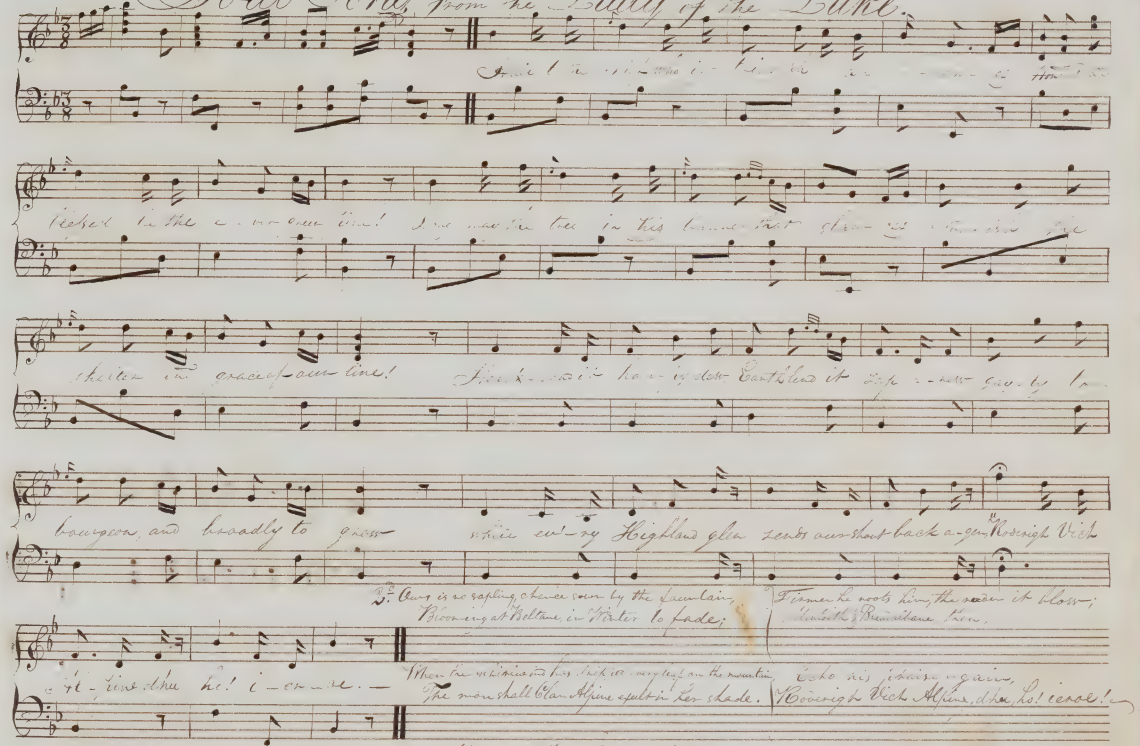
Sweet are the Flowers.

Music by [illegible]


Sweet are the flowers that blow in the field
Sweet is the smell that arises from yield
Sweet are the flowers that grow in the meadows
But more sweet are the maidens that flow.
1. I love my Gardens, Fields & Flowers
That grow in the Meadows, Woods & Bowers
That grow in the valley, on the Rose.
5. Proudly our Tulloch has thrilled in Glen Lyon,
And Schochars croans to our slogan replied;
Glen Lyon & Rotchie they smoking in ruins
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widows & sons shall
Sons shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan Alpine & fear him with woe;
Kenmay and Leben glen
Shake when they hear again,
Roderigh Vich Alpine ho! ieroe!
4. Row Uchals, row for the pride of the Highlands!
Steer to your runs for the ever green pine!
O! that the rose bud that graces yon Islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seeing glen
Worthy such noble a line
Honours and blessed in their sparrow might grow
Sons shall to Clan Alpine then
Rung from her seet mark glen
Roderigh Vich Alpine ho! ieroe!

Black Ferry con. Price 6.

Boat Song from the Lady of the Lake.


Row! brothers! row! the stream runs fast
Rocked in the eddy our bark is fast
Fast we may be, for in this bower
Shelter'd and safe from wind and shower
Boatswain and boatmen dare not stay
Until the ebb wind dies away
Until the ebb wind dies away
Row! brothers! row! the stream runs fast
Rocked in the eddy our bark is fast
Fast we may be, for in this bower
Shelter'd and safe from wind and shower
Boatswain and boatmen dare not stay
Until the ebb wind dies away
Until the ebb wind dies away
2. Oars is no sapling, thence your by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in Winter to fade;
From the roots how the season it blows;
Heath & Broomblane thrive,
Time the ho! i-e-ro-e.
Where the wild mountain thyme grows,
And moonlight fairies dance their rounds,
Echo his joyous call,
Boatswight Vich Alpine, dhu, ho! ieroe!
Moored in the rifted rock
Proof to the tempest's shock,

A Smile and a Tear.

Andante

Papa is dead! never can we forget his virtues, his memory will ever be dear to us, & from thence forth I will wear a tear.

Papa is dead

The Garland of Love.

Farkair.

How sweet are the flowers that grow by our Fountain, & sweet are the Birds that Warble the Groves, & sweet is the Breeze that blows

over the Mountain but sweeter by far is the Lass that I love, I'll weave a gay Garland of sweet blooming Jessamine with Lilies & Roses

and Roses and sweet blooming Poesies I'll weave a gay Garland of sweet blooming Garland with Lilies & Roses and sweet

blooming Posies, to give to the Lad my heart bleeds most for. —

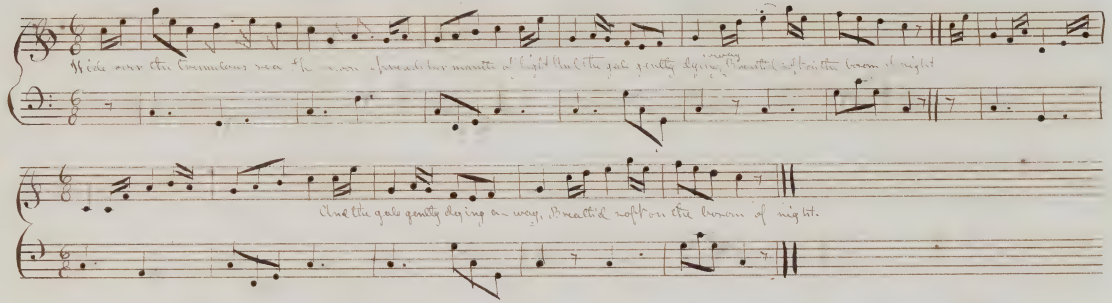
It was down in the Vale where the sweet Virgin Maria,
In murmuring Streams as they flow'd through the cool Grove,

I vow'd without doubt or fear in my own vision confiding
To meet the cold Lips of the Lad that I love,

Then I'll weave a gay Garland of sweet blooming Garland
with Lilies & Roses & sweet blooming Posies

To give to the Lad my heart bleeds most for.

Wide over the tremulous sea.


Wide over the tremulous sea the moon spread her mantle of light that the gale gently dying away breathed soft o'er the bosom of night.
And the gale gently dying away, Breathed soft o'er the bosom of night.

On the forecastle Manuston stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;

Not Persian fleet a ransom for the fleeced,
His sighs I am unheard in the gale.

Ah wretch in his anguish he cry'd,
From wanting wont calming tears;

Ah Manuston would thou hadst died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne.

Flow ye tears down my cheeks ever prone,
Soft mist from my eyelids distil;

And still let the arrow of woe
Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

But hush! on the silence of night
Why Adela's accents I hear!

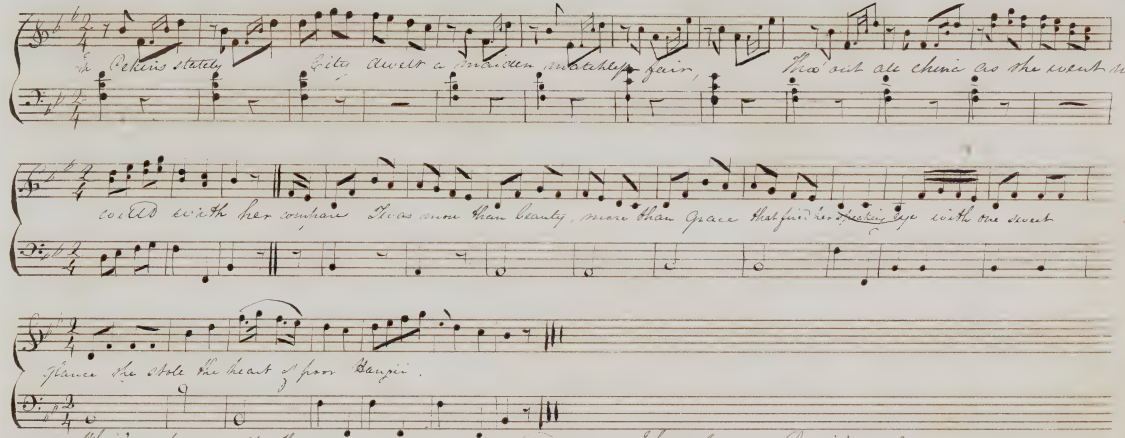
And mournful beneath the wan light,
I see her lovid image appear;

Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
As the mist that hangs light o'er the wave;

And fondly her lover she guides
That lingers so long from the grave.

"Oh Manuston! haste thee" she cries,
"Where the reign of oppression is o'er;

The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
And Adela sorrows no more."


In Persia's stately Isle dwelt a maiden matchless fair, That sun shone as the sweet rose
could with her converse Pass more than beauty, more than grace that fixed her lovely eye with one sweet
glance she stole the heart of poor Banjii.

Where'er she moves all other grace,
Forgotten is and gone;

Like other lights when Phabus shines
Or dew before the Winds

Like other diamonds dropt in snow
Are her bright eyes — yet oh,

Tho' multiplies heavenly Rade them beam
In Phebus shade.

I have been on Persia's gulf
And on the Indian Sea;

But never never could regain
My hearts sweet Liberty;

Or have I played the pipe of peace,
And drawn the Floods of tears.

Yet never never could for me
The Corps of Shiron stays.

Will thou say farewell Love, Thos Moore

Will thou say fare-well, Love, and from Rosa part? Rosa's tears will tell Love, in spite of her

ad libitum

heart! Yet while thou art near, and Rosa's true love, Yet while thou art near,

tenuto

no! now is the time to speak, or never to Love, no never!

Let not others wile, Love, thy ardent heart betray,
Remember Rosa's smile, Love, Rosa from away.
Still be thine &c.

Each Moment Flies Swiftly Away.

Each moment flies swiftly away, While thou art with me my Love;

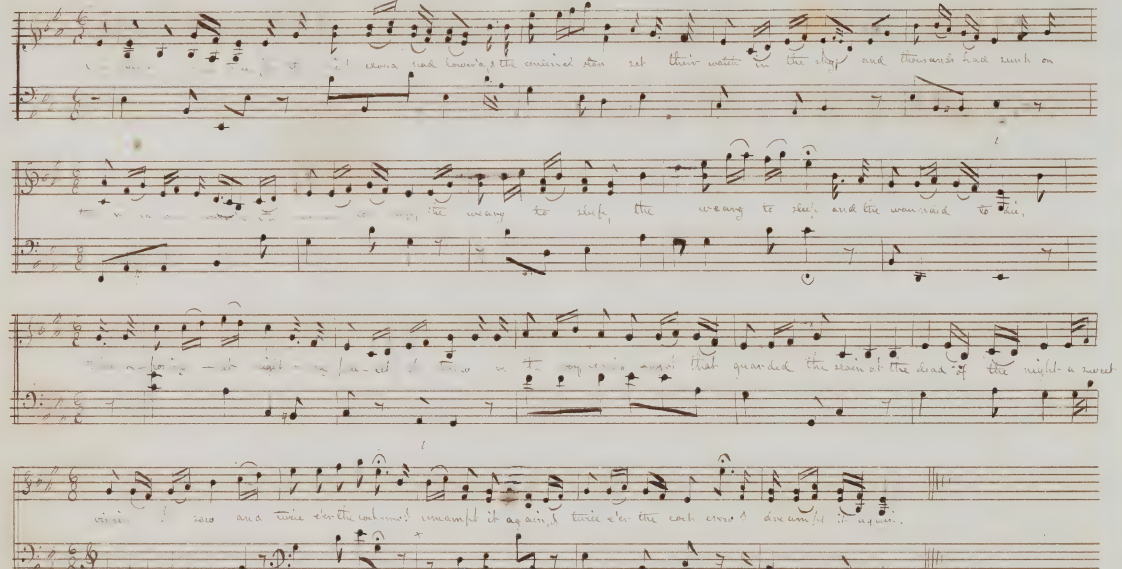
be true, Delight of my heart then adieu. Delight of my heart then adieu.

What misfortune we must endure! Yet grieve not that grotto so near;
Let not so fair a scene cause you pain, While you must be delighted to view
A rival now hears the soft sigh, Yet witness his vows sincere,
Delight of my heart then adieu. Shall ye witness my tears! then adieu.

Receive thou my warm heart now,
This lesson to this ever true,
Hark Damon those joys
No more to delight the

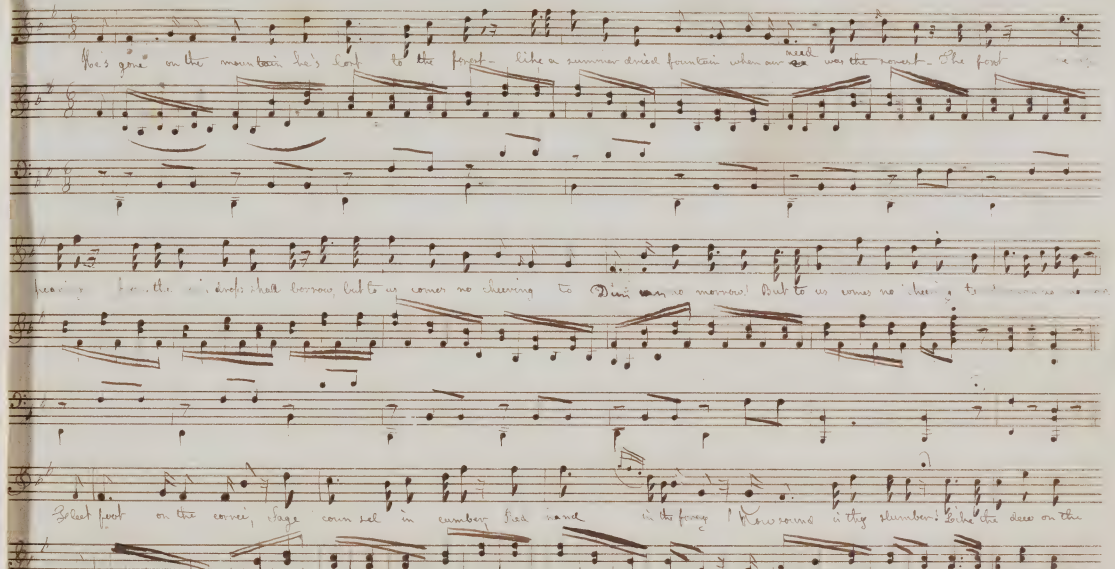
The Soldier's Dream.

Campbell.


I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, with vassals and serfs at my side, and of all who assembled within those walls that I was the hope and the pride.
I had rank, I had power, I had a name at which the world trembled in fear, and I had riches too great to count, could boast of a high ancestral name.
But I also dreamt, which pleased me most, that you loved me still the same.
But I also dreamt, which pleased me most, that you loved me still the same.
I dreamt that suitors sought my hand, that knights upon bended knee, and with vows no maiden heart could withstand, they pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of those vows broke, and proved false to his oath and his word, and his perjury and his falsehood stung your high and noble heart.
And I also dreamt, which charmed me most, that you scorned his power to move, and I also dreamt, which charmed me most, that you scorned his power to move.
I dreamt that you wept one summer night, your beautiful eyes wept with me, and I dreamt that you wept one summer night, your beautiful eyes wept with me.
And again I dreamt, and dreamt no more, but of passion and poesy and love, and again I dreamt, and dreamt no more, but of passion and poesy and love.
And I also dreamt, which charmed me most, that you loved me still the same.
And I also dreamt, which charmed me most, that you loved me still the same.

Wrestling night from the battle-field's dread form,
For, far & had roam'd on a desolate tract,
In search my poor mountain goats bleating aloft
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sang —

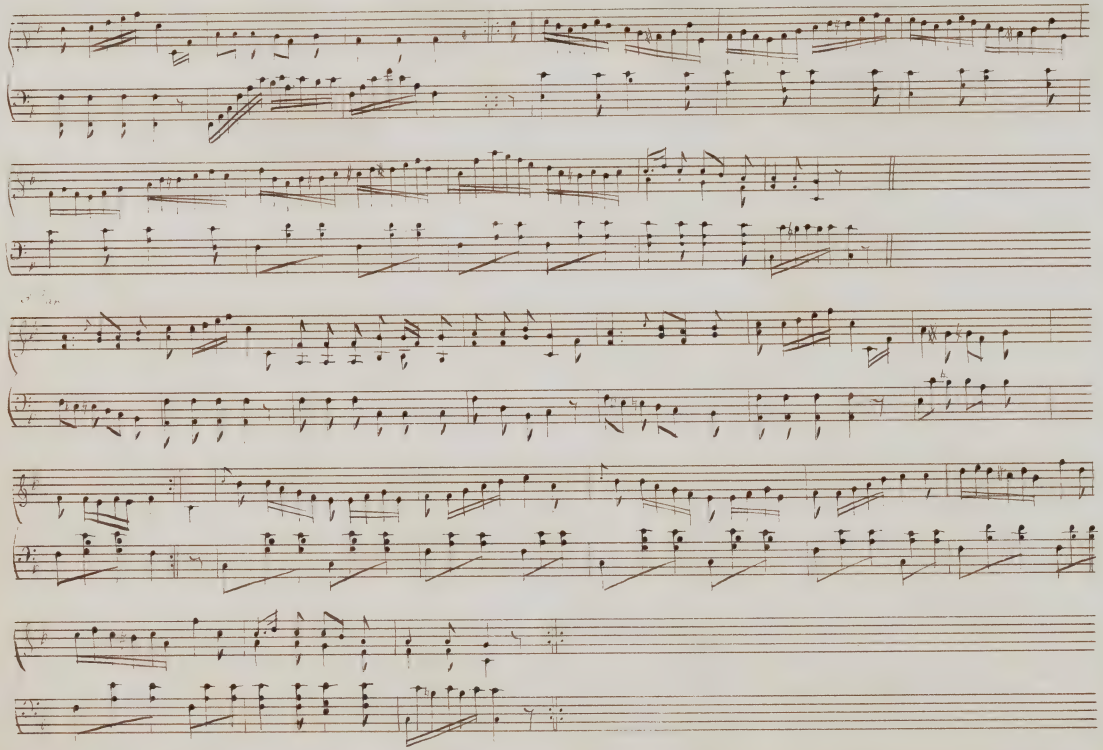
Then pledged we the cup, and fondly & swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part
My little love & me a thousand times sigh,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her perfect of heart

Stay, stay with us! rest! thou art weary and worn,
And fain would I think that thou mourn'st in sorrow,
But scorn to reproach with the drowsiness of morn
And the voice in my dreaming ear and the
Melted away. — —

He's gone on the mountain, he's lost to the forest — like a summer dried fountain when our need was the sweet. The foot
hear, the dirge shall borrow but to us comes no cheering to Dian no morrow! But to us comes no cheering to
Bleat feet on the cover, Sage counsel in cumber Red cand in the fray! Now sound in thy slumbers! Sake the deer on the

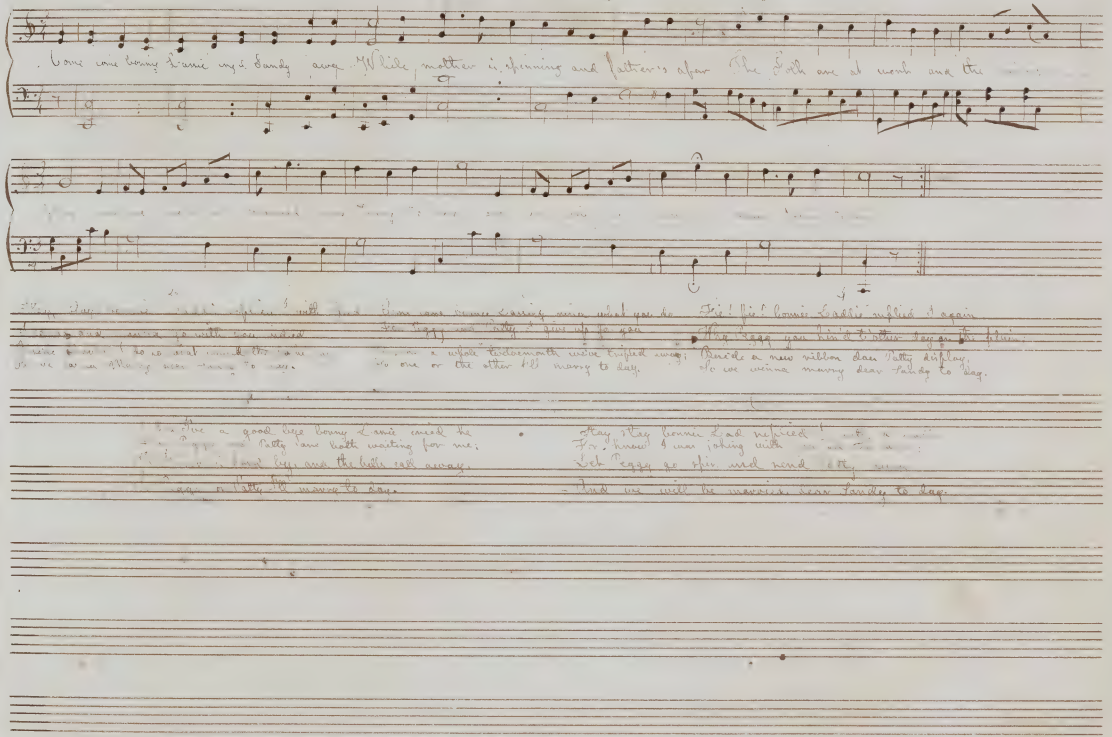
mountain, & the foam on the river, Like the bubble on the fountain thou art gone, and for ever! do the the bubble on the fountain thou

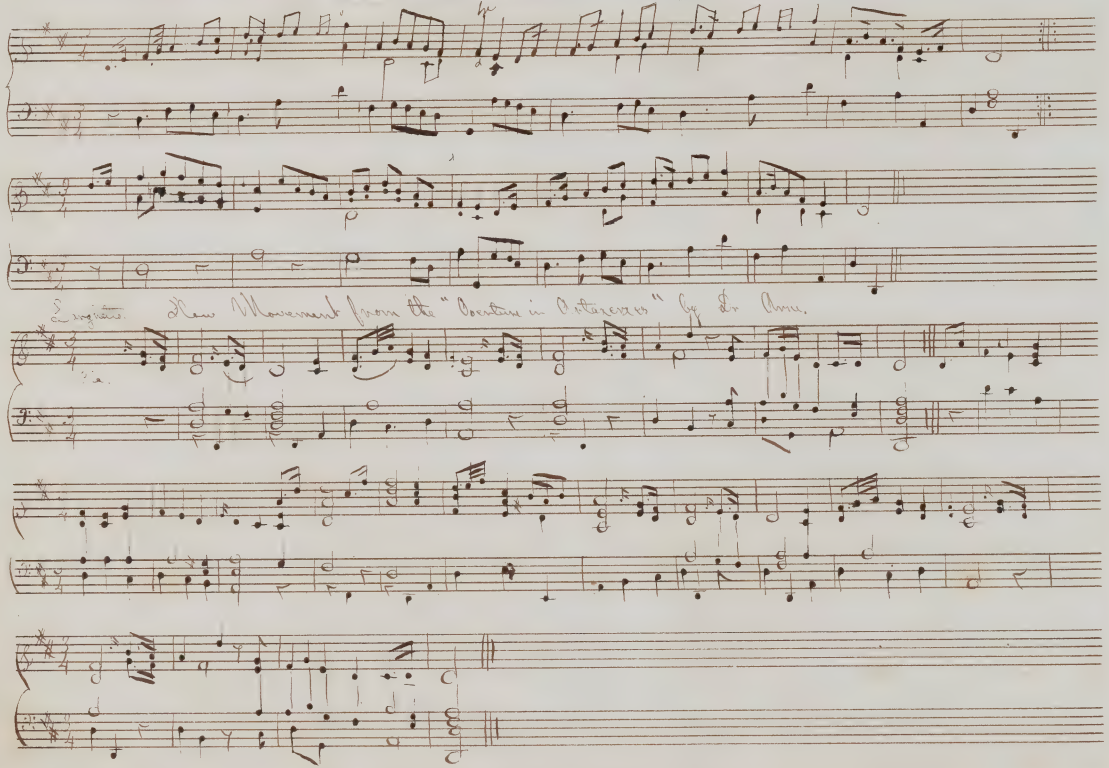
Air with Variations

I. Var.

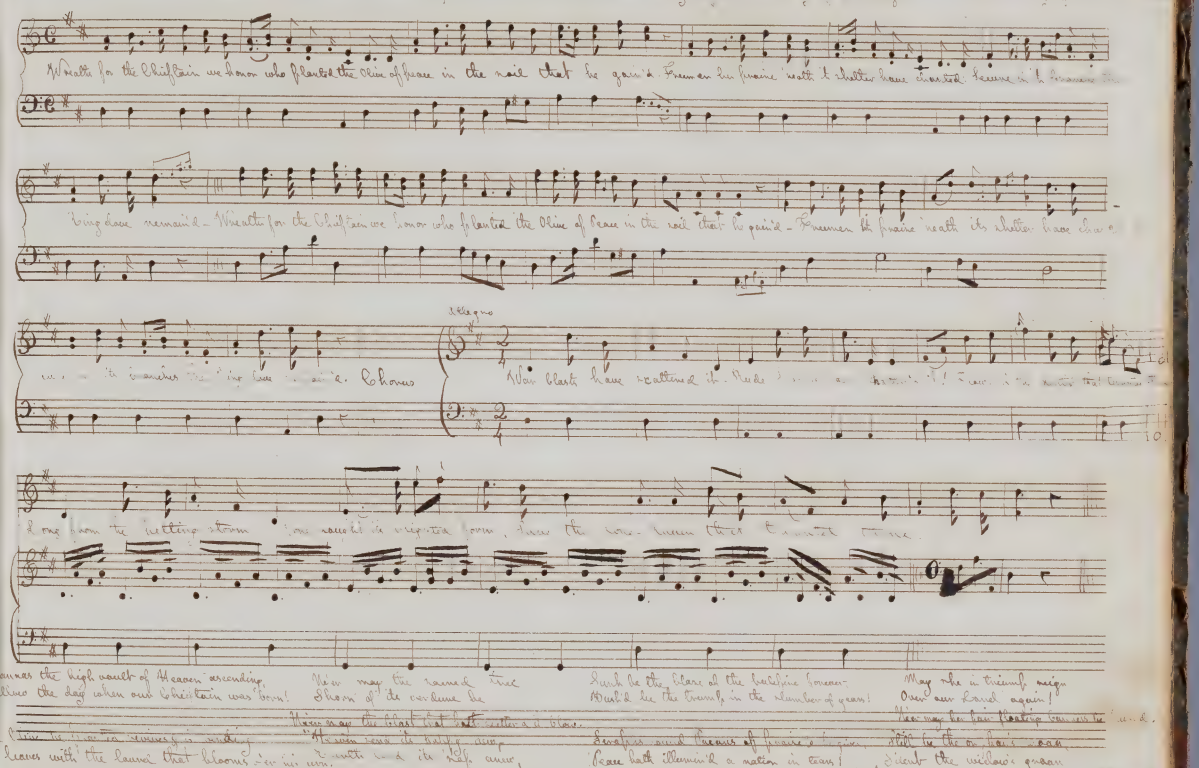


Sandy and Jenny.





2 Soprano. New Movement from the "Overture in Otaheite" by Dr Arne.



Wreath for the Chieftain — an ode for the anniversary of the birth day of Washington. Feb 22nd 1848 shortly after the announcement

Wreath for the Chieftain we honor who planted the Olive of peace in the soil that he gain'd Evermore let it flourish beneath its shelter have rested Heaven in its

bright dove remain'd — Wreath for the Chieftain we honor who planted the Olive of peace in the soil that he gain'd — Evermore let it flourish beneath its shelter have rested

Allegro

Wait Clouds have scattered the Rude

long from the battle storm — our sacred ensigns torn, Over the wave hither they wanted to me

Resounds the high vaults of Heaven ascending
Of Him who the day when our Chieftain was born!

Now may the sacred Tree
Bloom of the everlasting Bay

Hush be the blare of the warlike horn
Wake be the trumpets in the chamber of peace!

May calm in triumph reign
Over our hearts again!

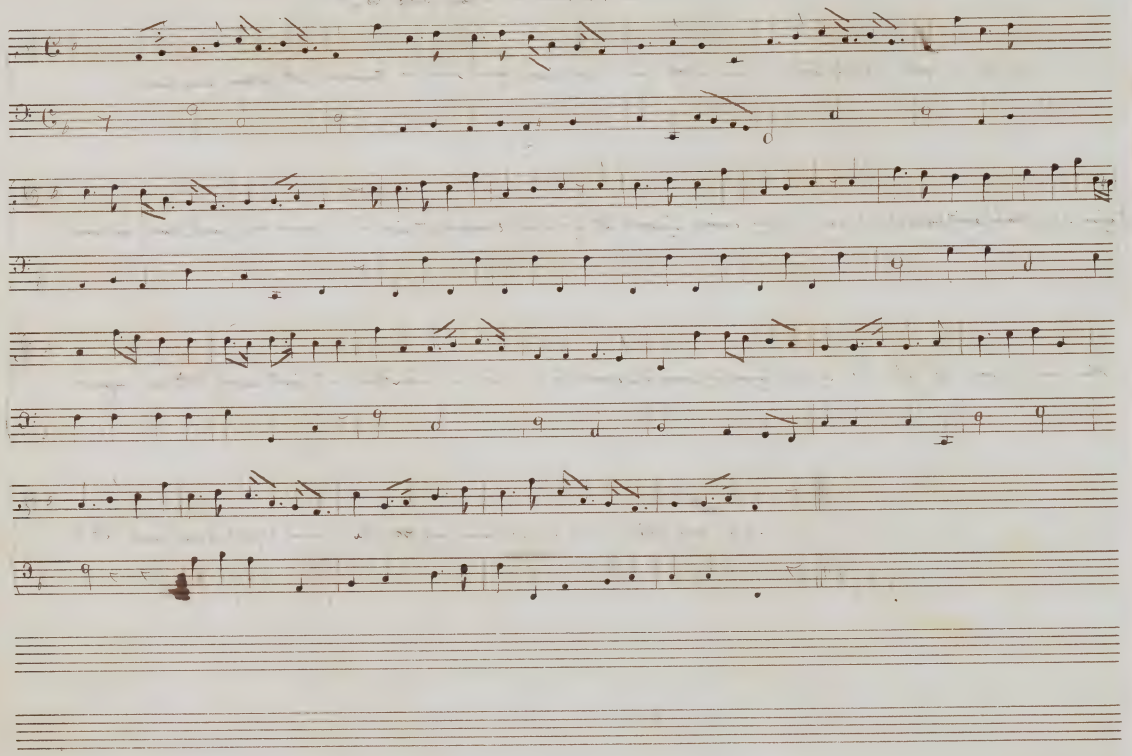
The
Its leaves with the laurel that blooms ever in vain.

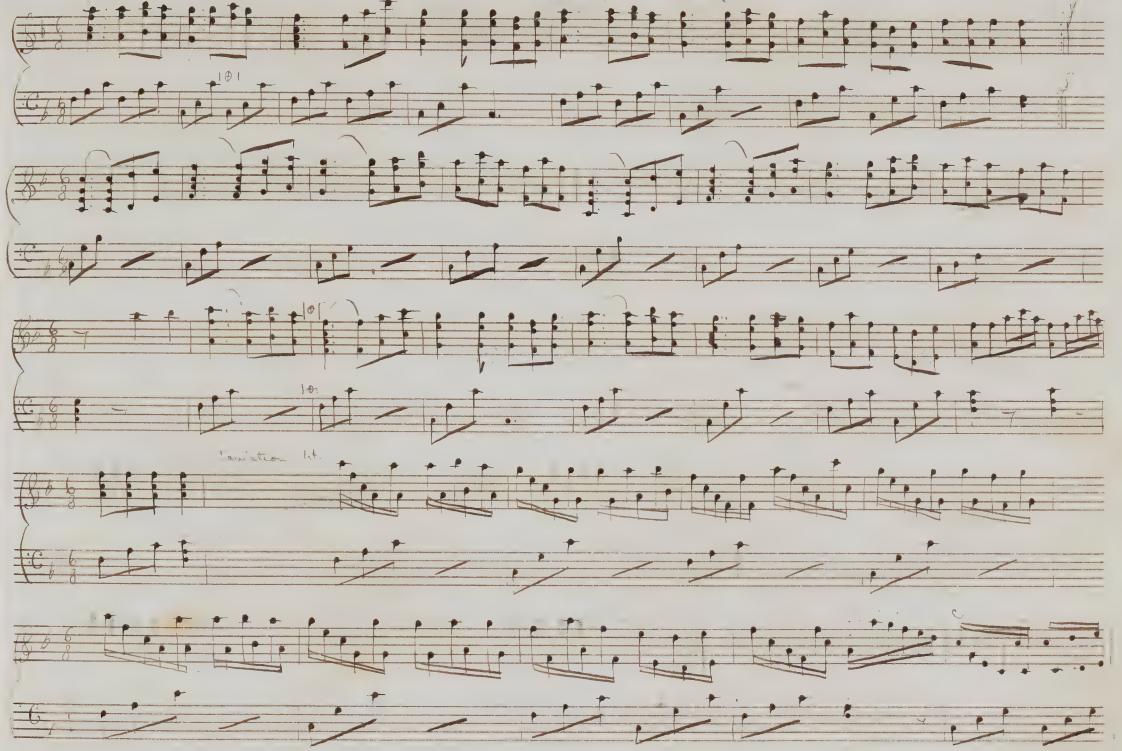
Where may the Eagle not soar without a blot,
Where may the Olive not flourish and grow,

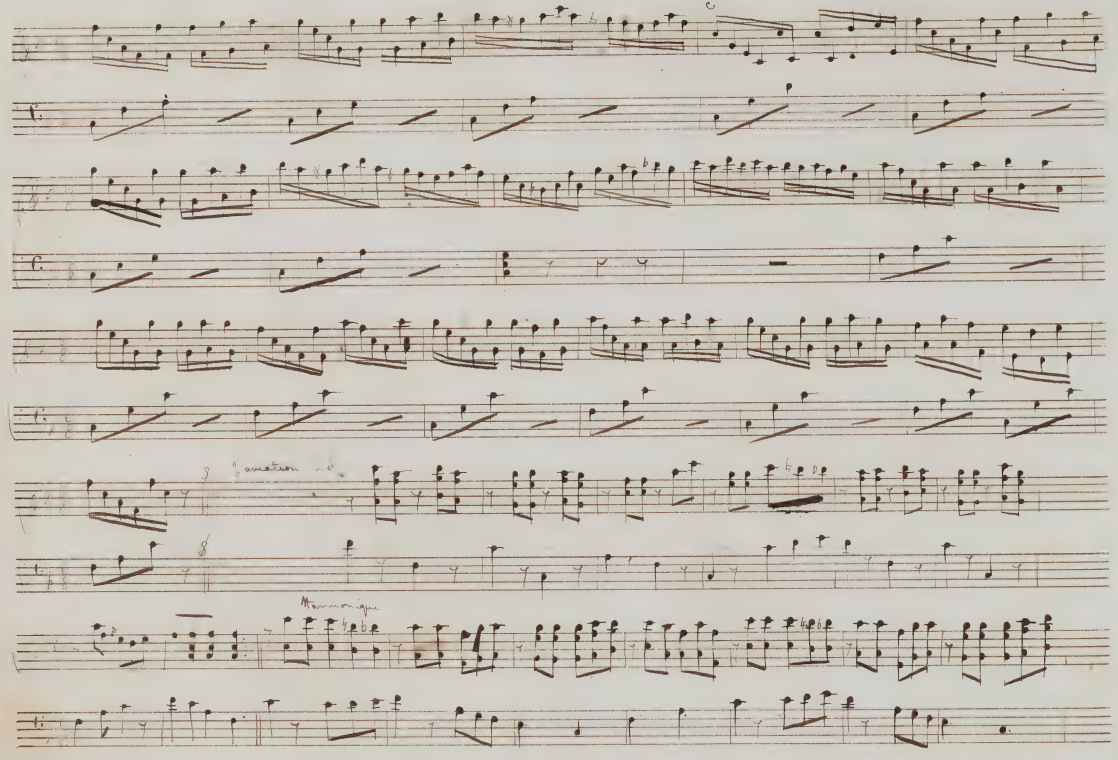
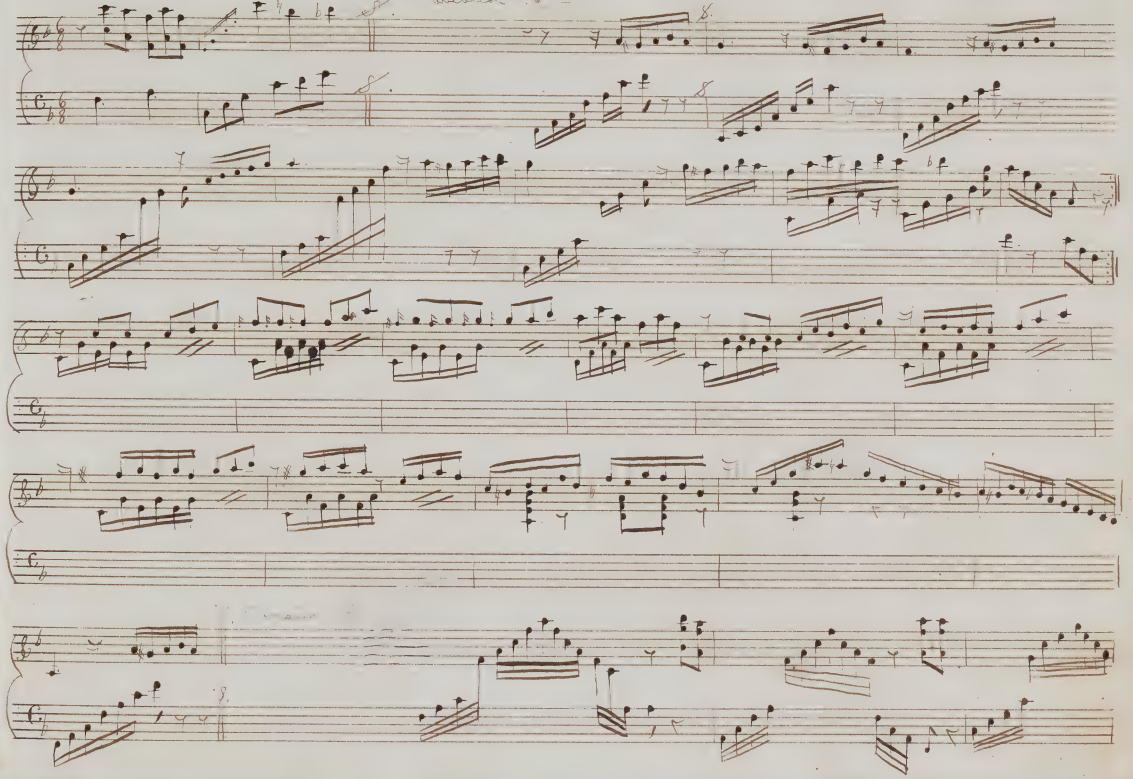
Ravages cease Ravens of prayer give
Peace hath illumed a nation in tears!

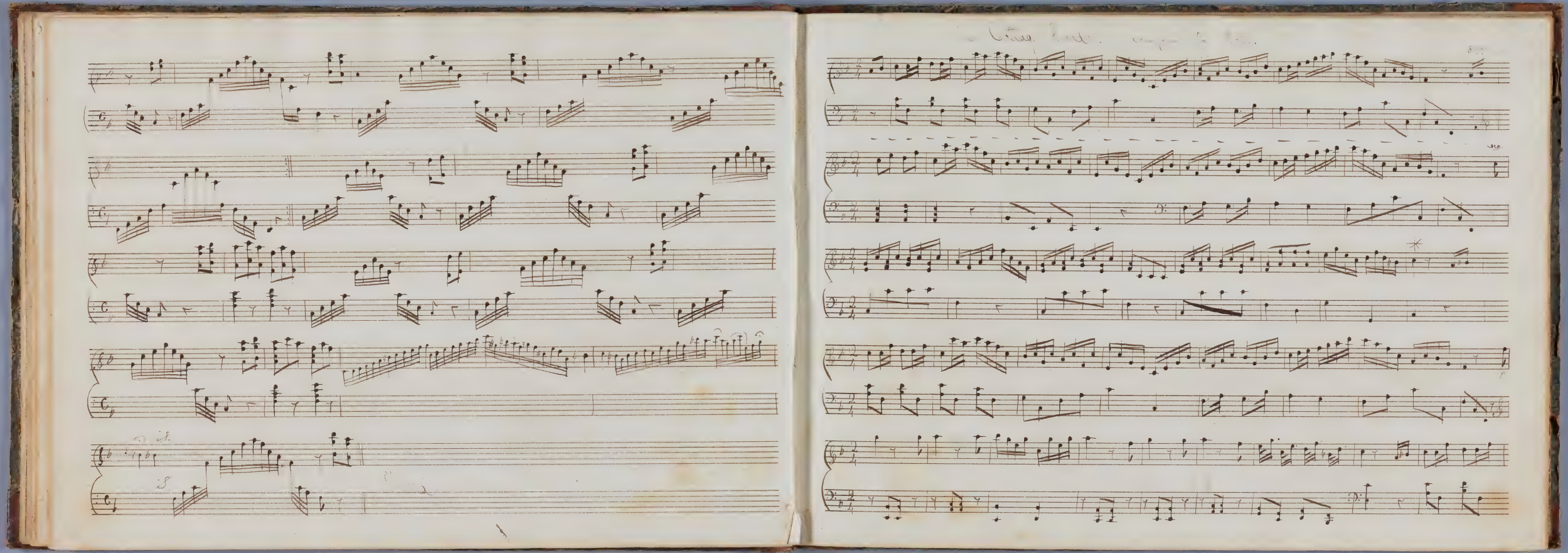
May be in the ocean
Buried the warlike groan

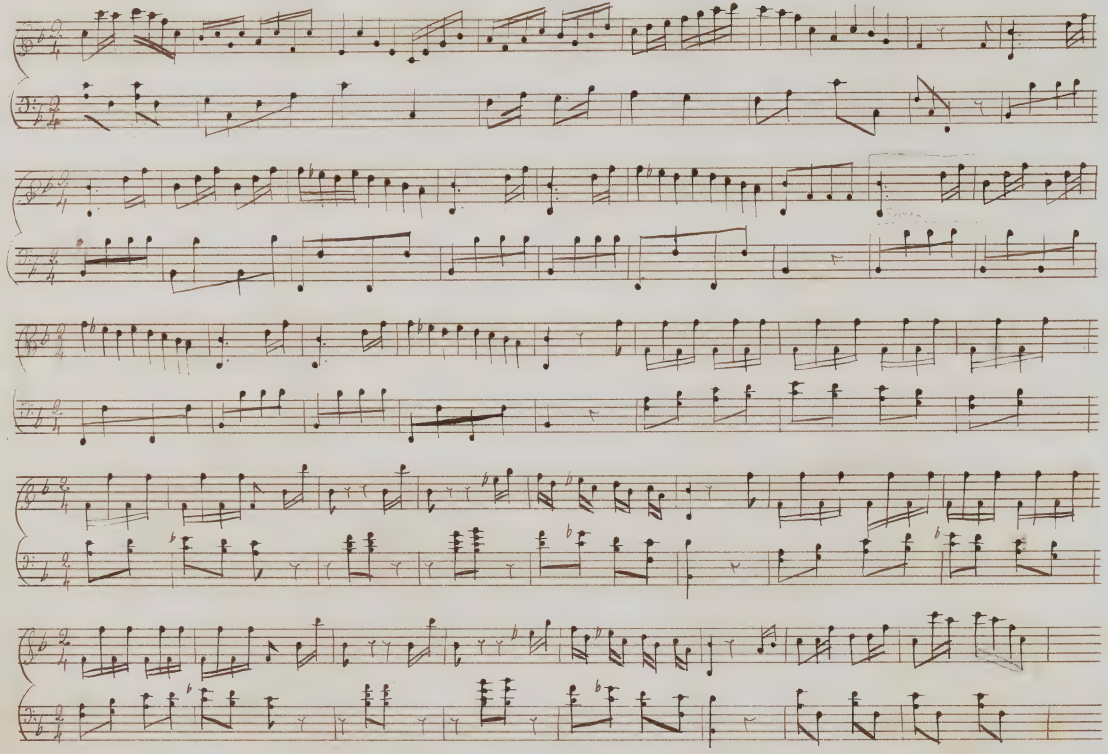
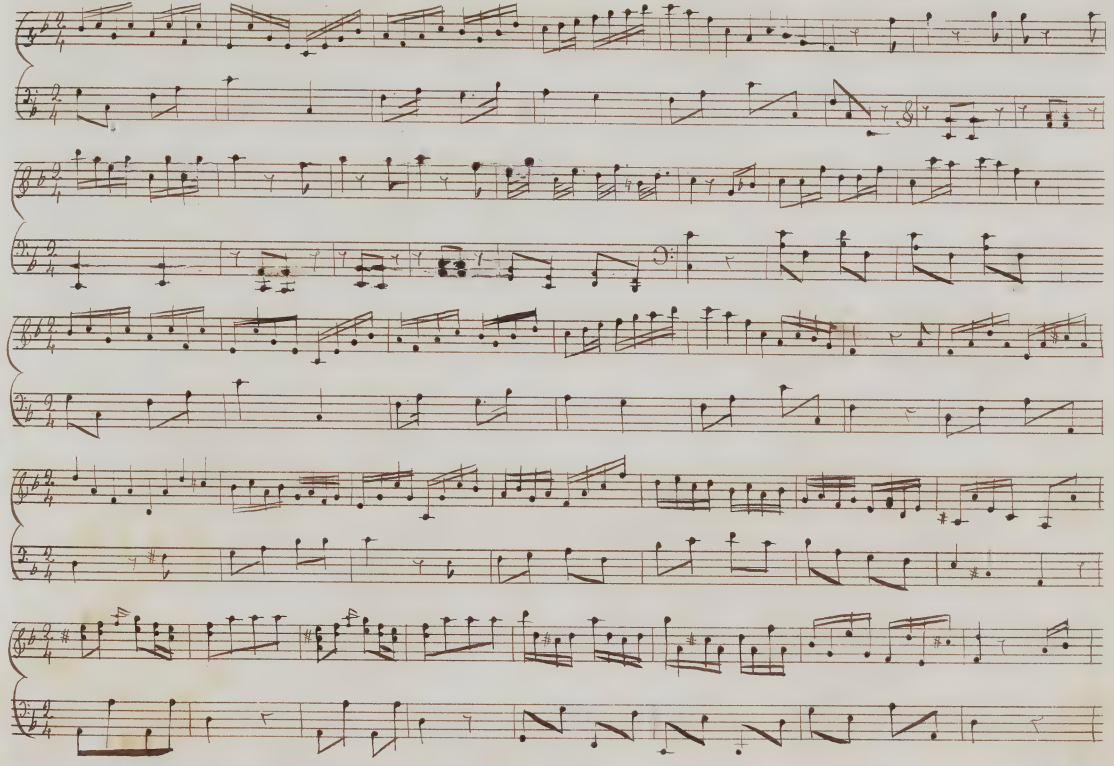
Long for a time in the joy of

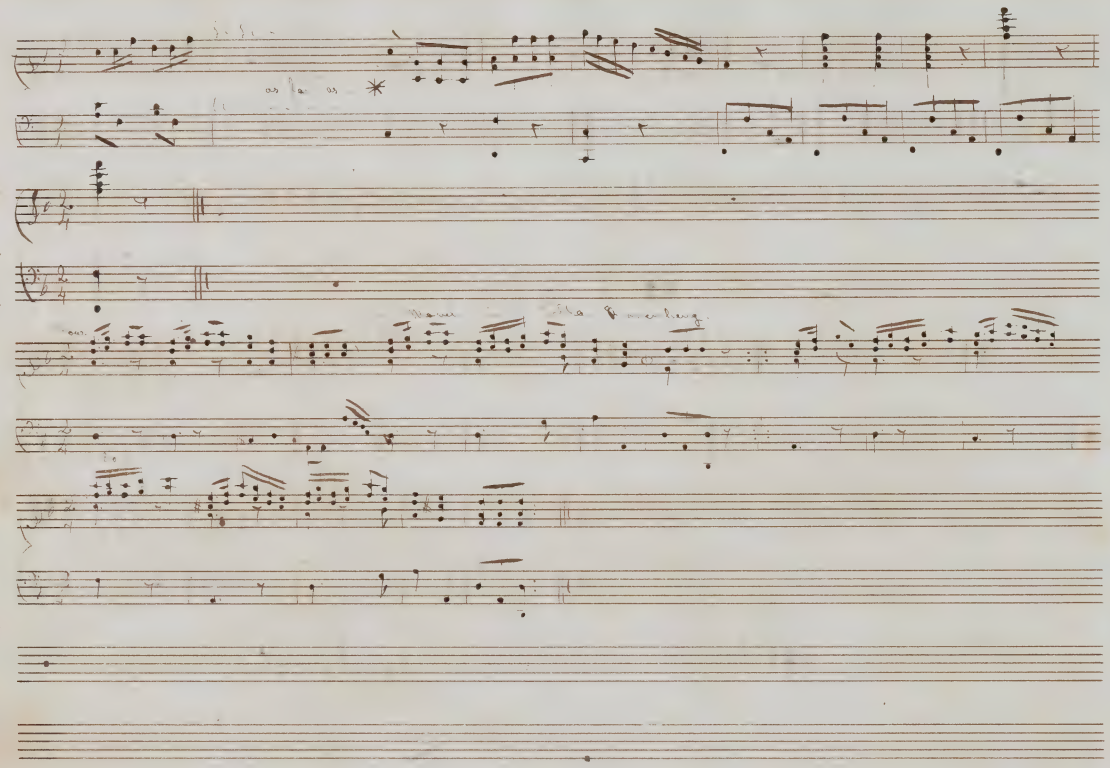


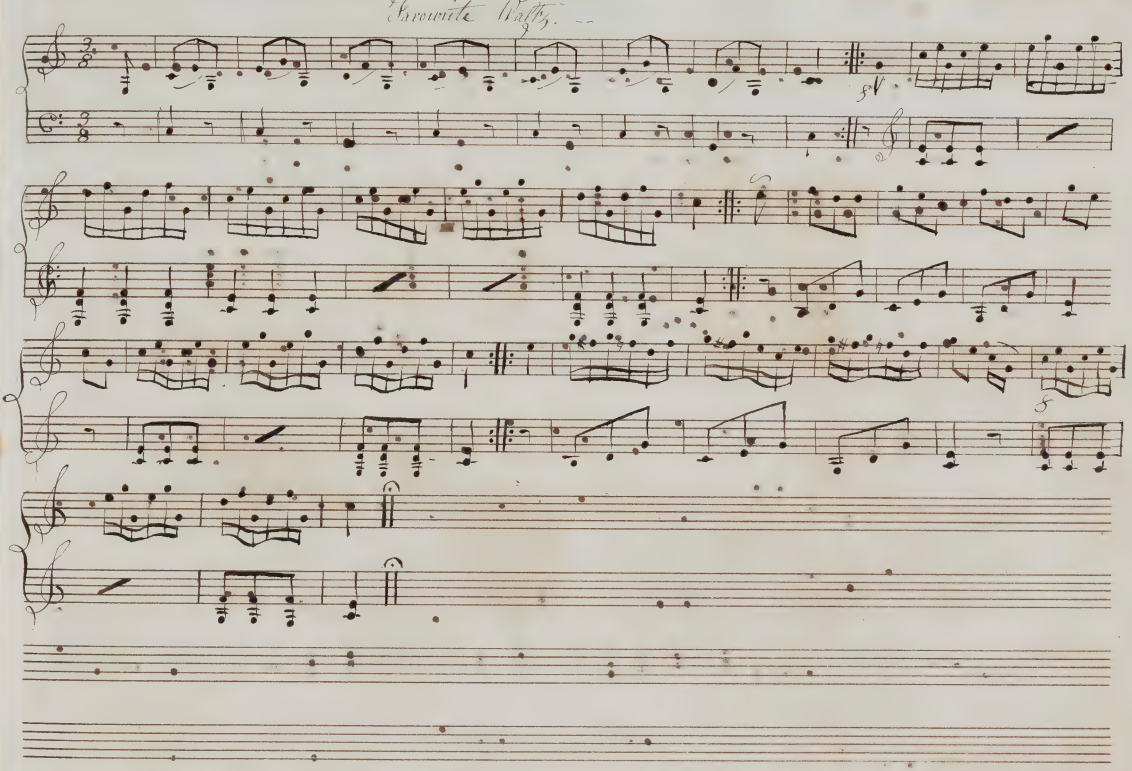



Cavatina
Marcia

Cavatina



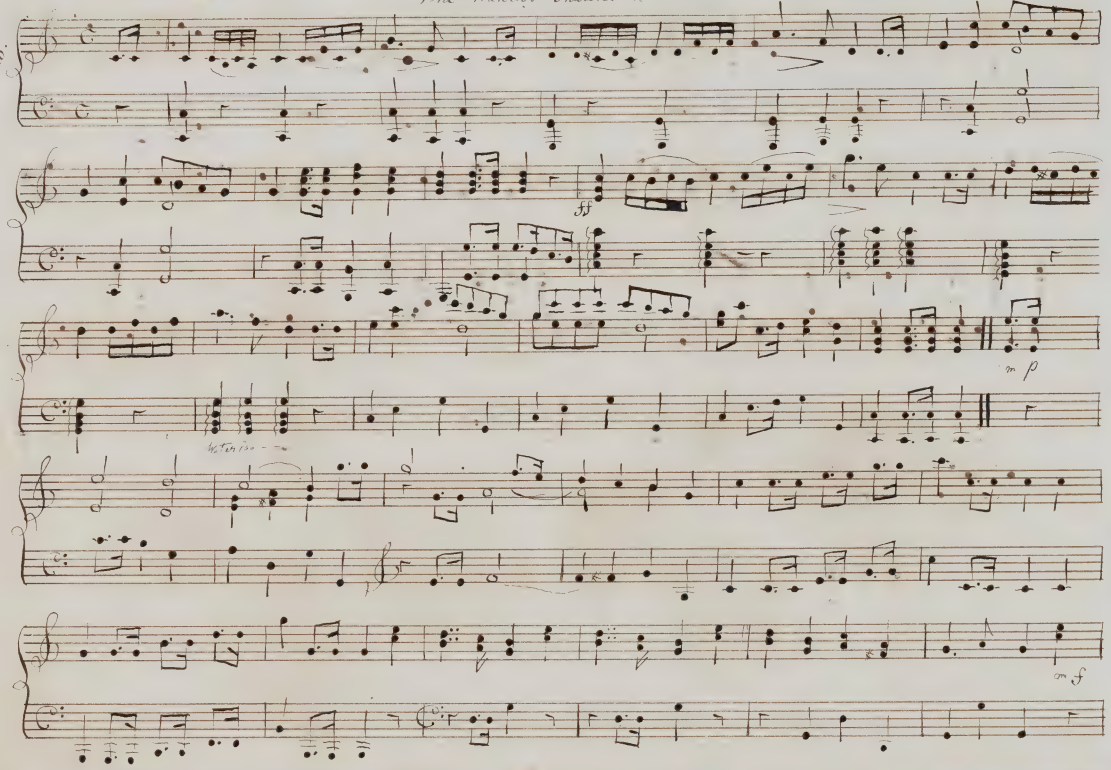



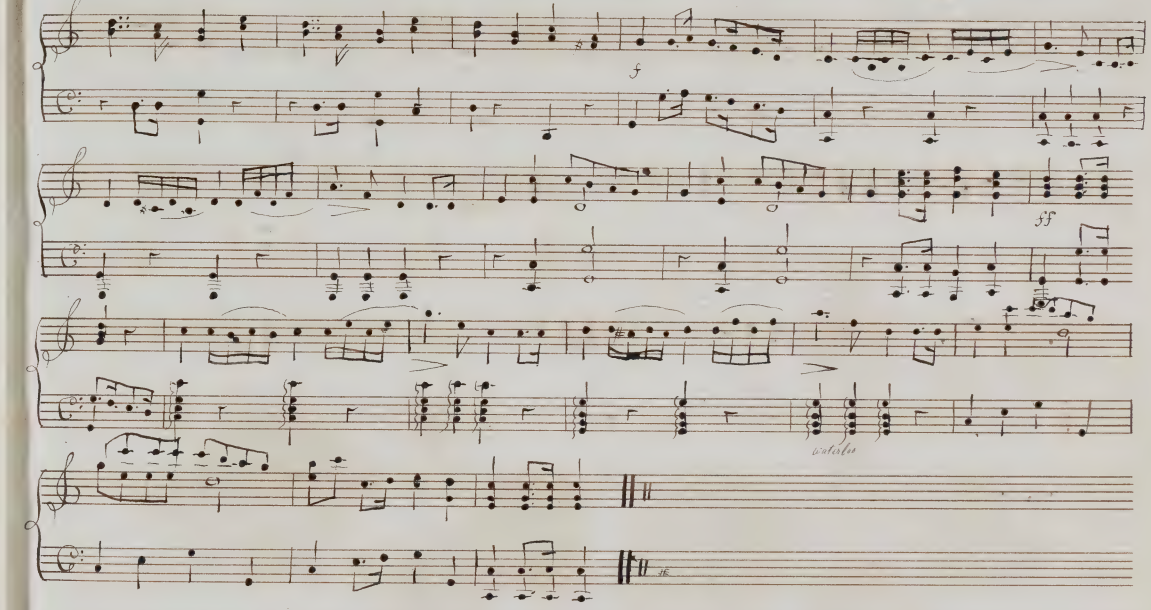


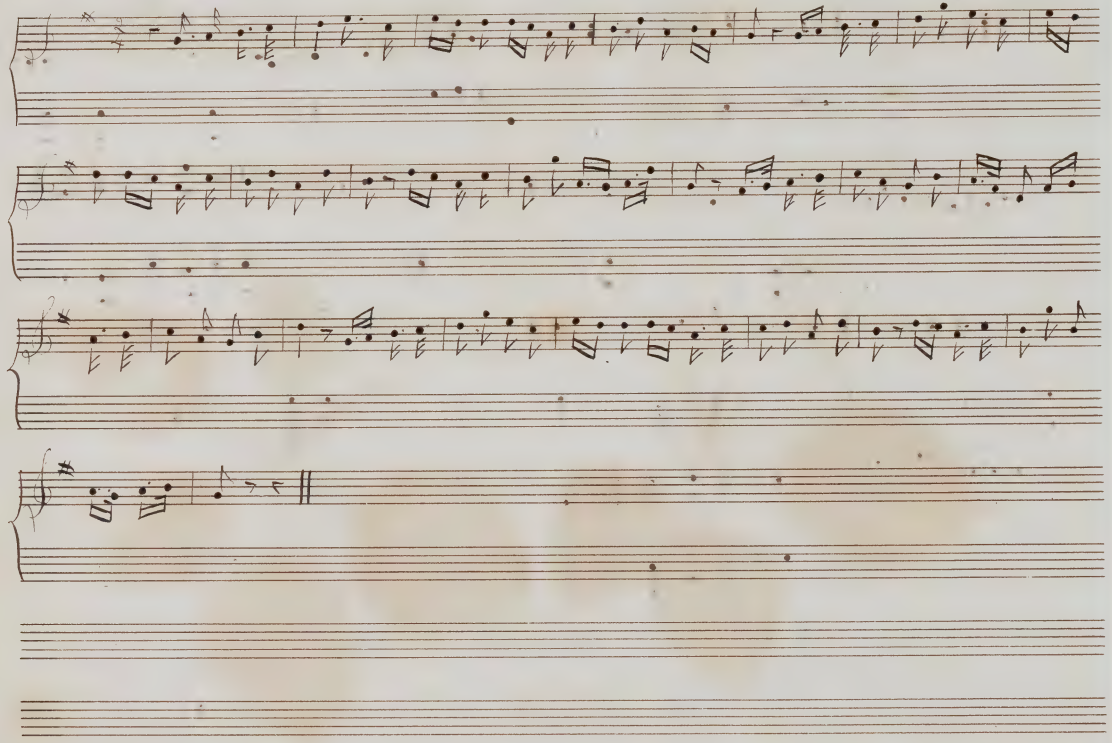

Favourite Waltz.

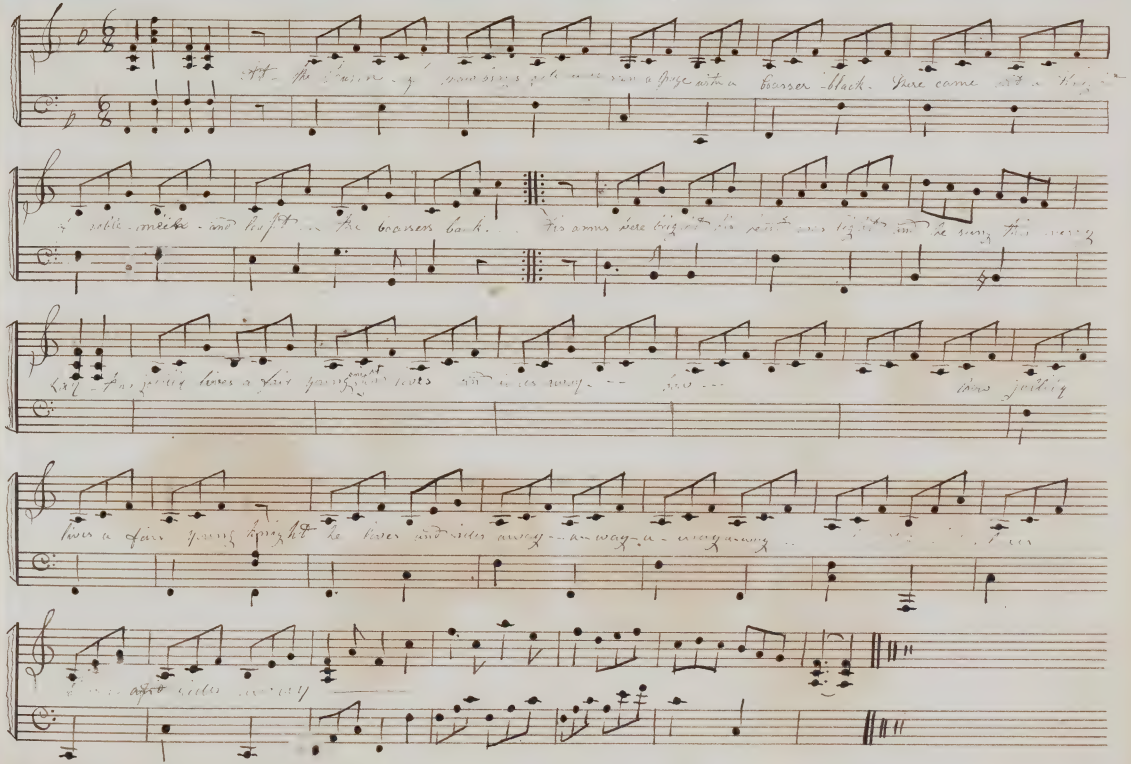
The Waterloo March.

Pianoforte.








Ah - the Squire - of some sort came riding a large mare of a coarser black. Sure came
noble - mien - and high - in the coarser back. His arms were big
Ah, several times a fair young knight rode
two jostling
two a fair young knight he rides away - - away - - away
Ah - rides away

Burton's Overture

DC

DC

Miss Byers, Waltz

p

Cres

f

p

Dim:

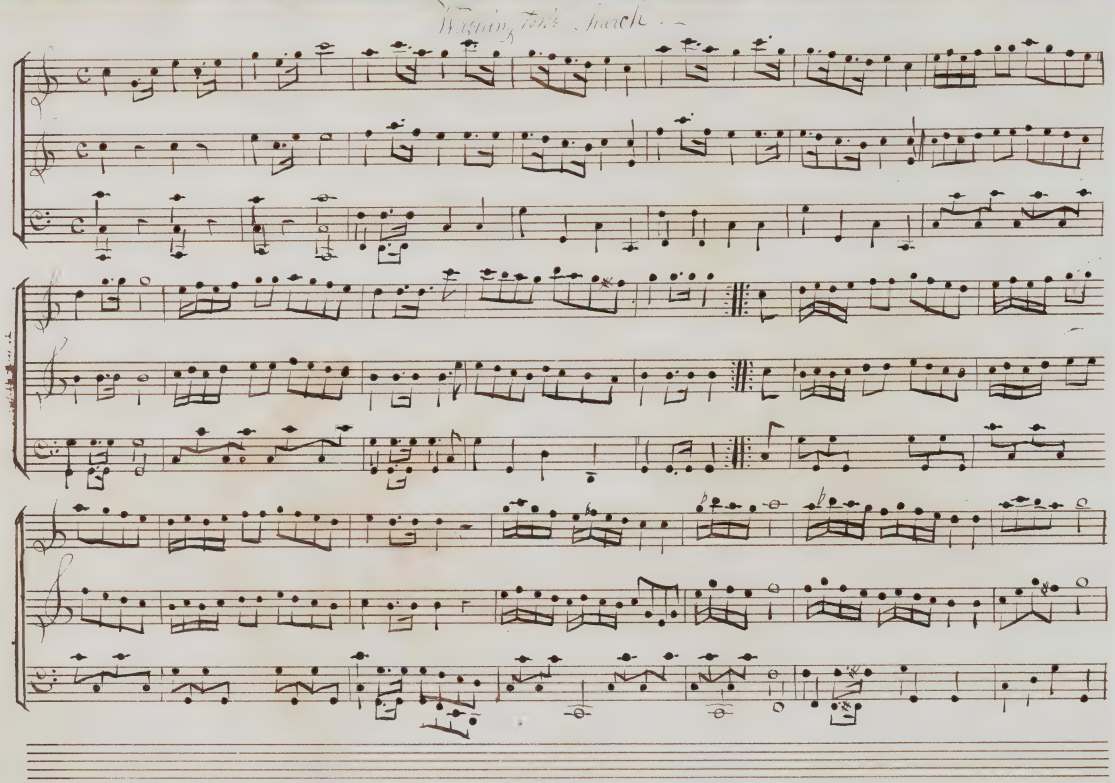
Lico

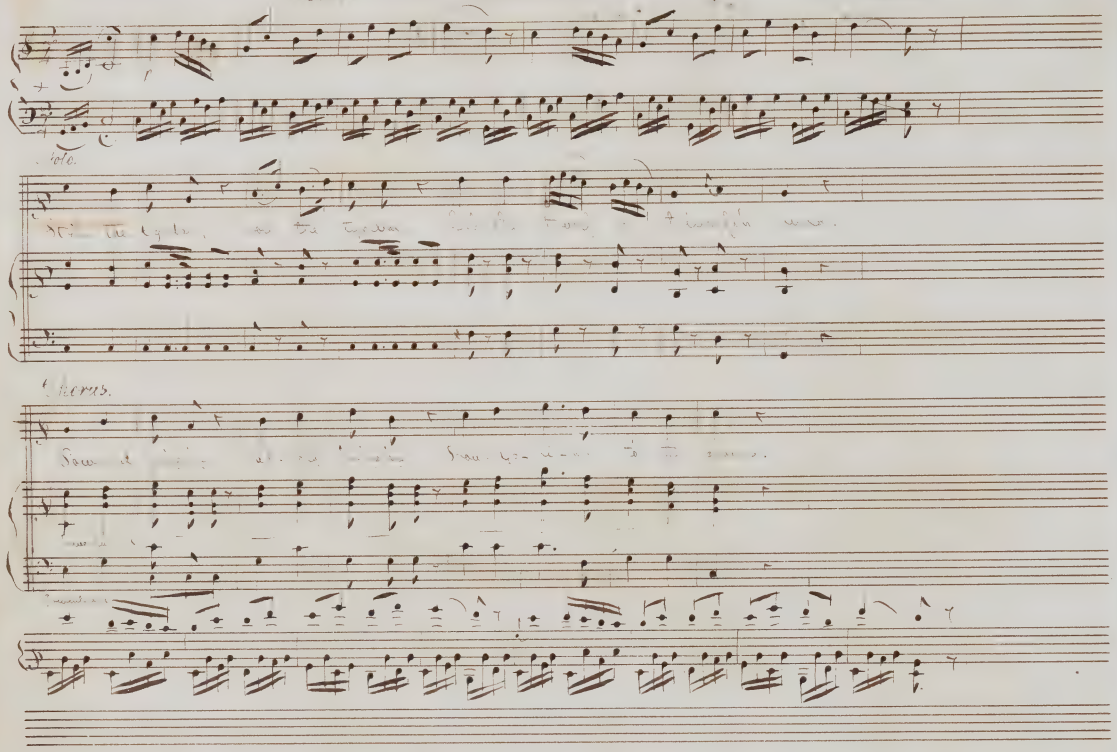
p

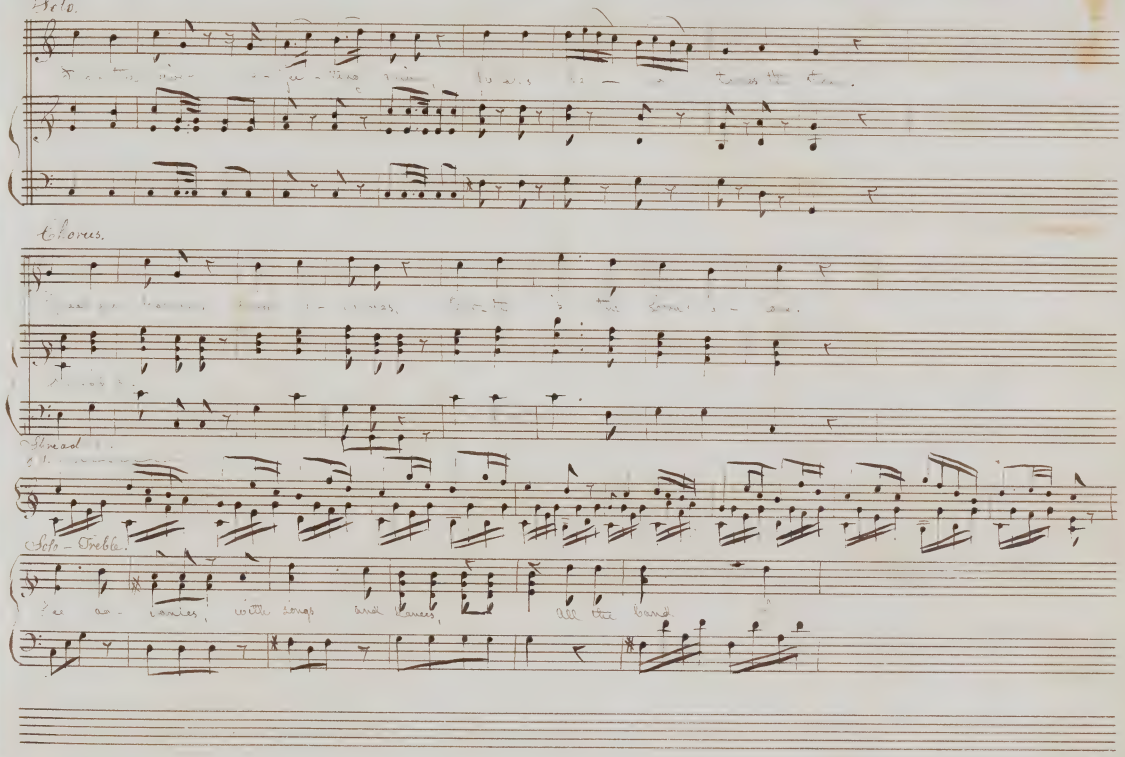
ff

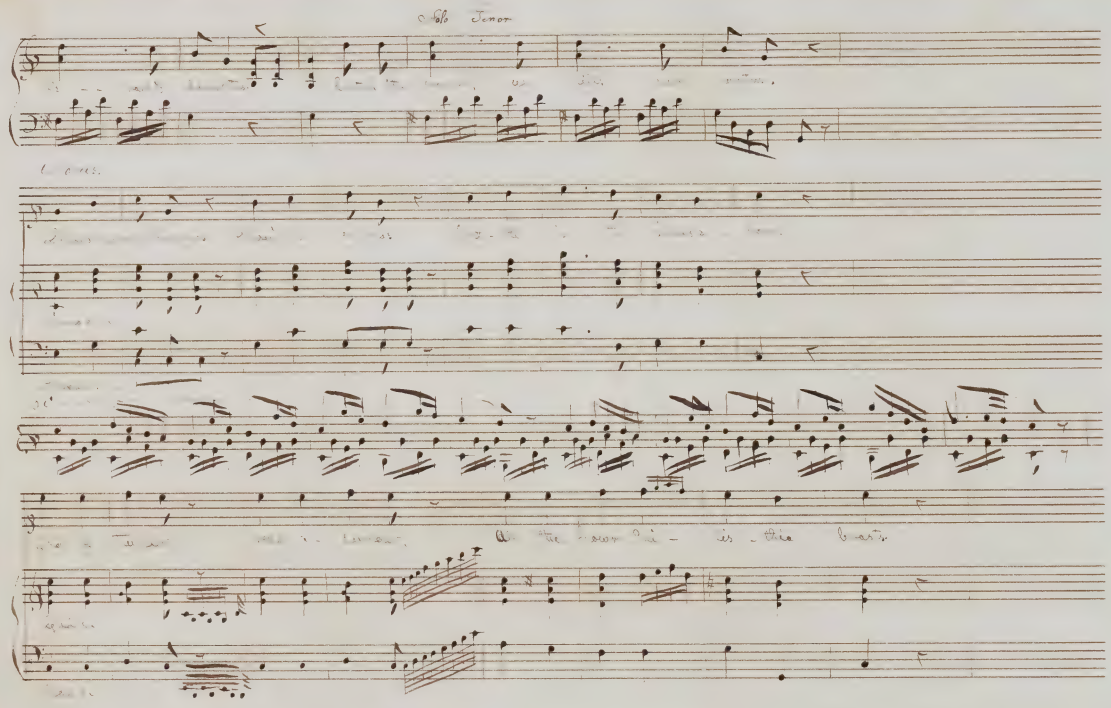
Dolce

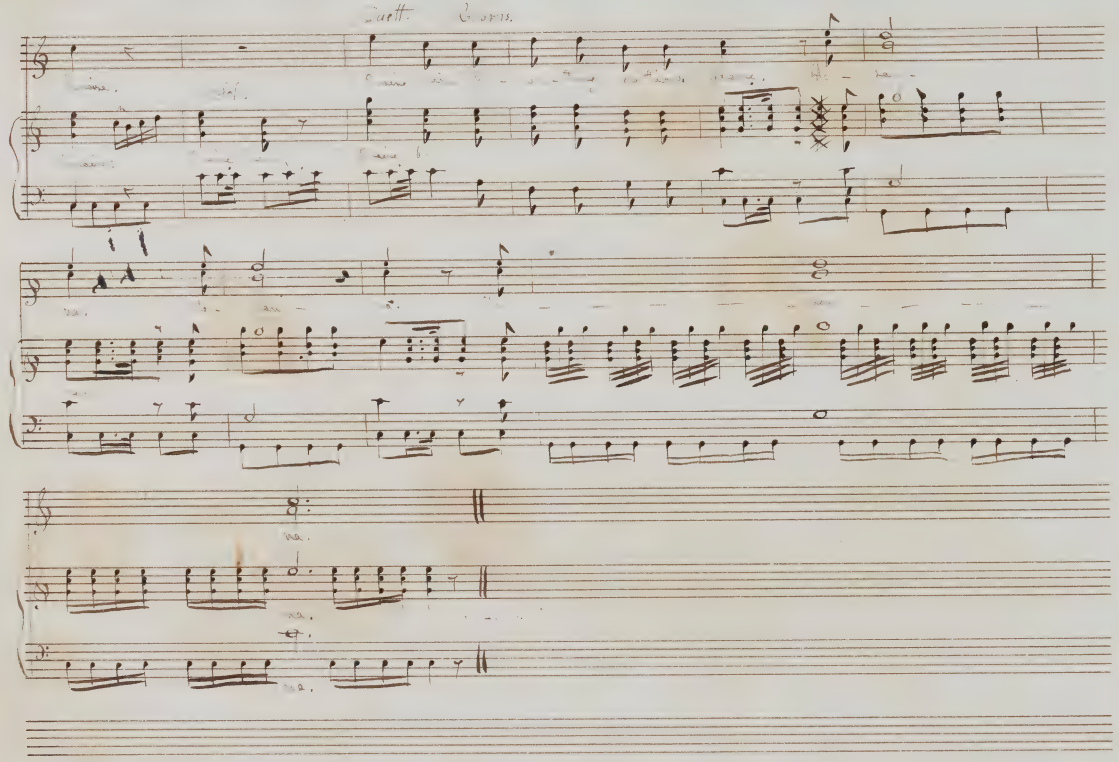
p Dolce


Wissing Fox's March


Solo.
Chorus.


Solo.
Chorus.
Solo - Treble.


Solo Tenor
Chorus.
Duett.
Solo.
Duett.
Chorus.
Solo.



Les Adieux

Chant
Lyre
Guitare

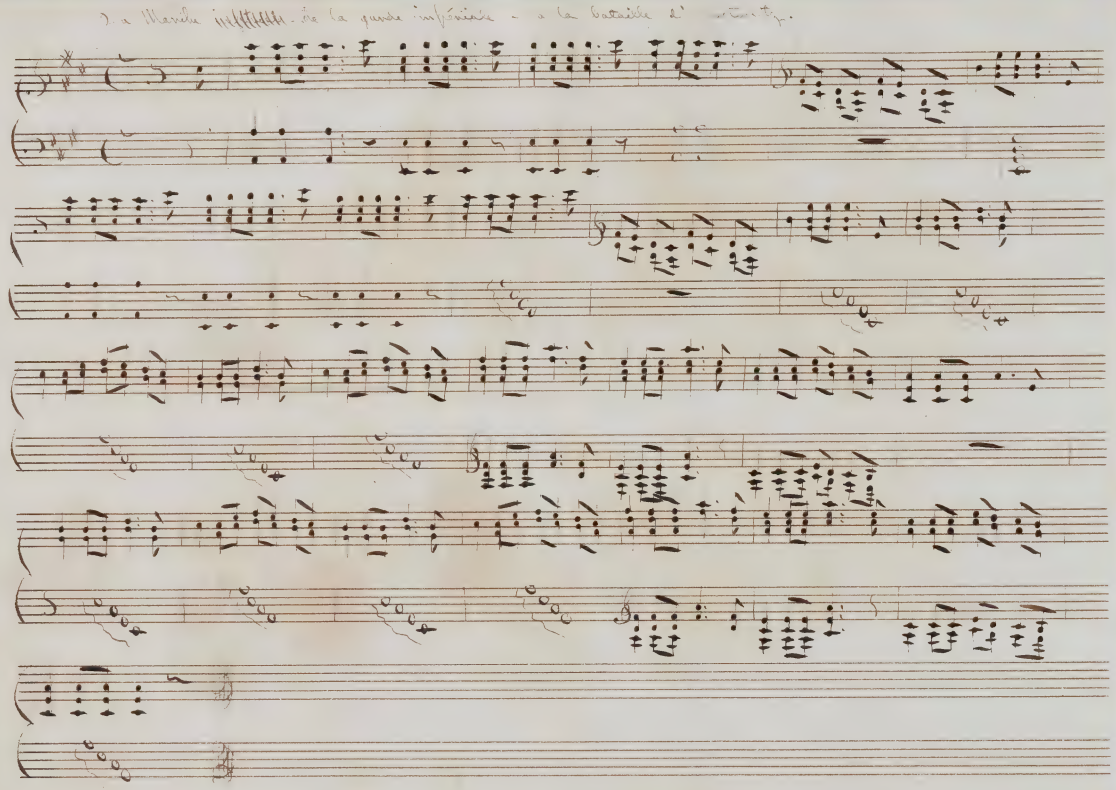
Vous me quit - tez pour aller à la gloire mon triste coeur suivra partout vos pas

pas aller rivaliser au temple de mé - moire suivre l'honneur mais ne m'oubliez pas

Et vos devoirs comme à l'amour fidèle
Chercher la gloire, oublier le trépas,
Tous les combats où l'honneur vous appelle,
Distinguez vous, mais ne m'oubliez pas.

Une fois hélas ! dans mes peines cruelles,
Je craints la paix autant que les combats,
Vous y verrez tant de beautés nouvelles,
Vous leur plairez, mais ne m'oubliez pas.

Oui, vous plairez et vous reviendrez sans cesse,
Mais si l'amour suivoit partout vos pas
De vos succès, garder la douce ivresse
Soyez heureux, mais ne m'oubliez pas.



Bagatelle Waltz by Steibelt. Arranged for the Piano Forte by F. Knecht.

Tyrolian Waltz Composed by Weppner. Introduced in Cinderella. Adapted to the Piano Forte by H. Herz.

Allegretto

Moderato

p dolce.

p marcato

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

f

p

f Ped.

p

sempre dolce.

Repeat first theatre

fear ad

ritenuto

calando

listingando.

Ped. f

p

Ped.

f

p

Ped.

p

f

p

Finished September 20. 1836. E. C. Mack.

Duet. Evening Song to the Virgin. Miss Bowen

Expressive

1st Voice

2d Voice

A-ve sanctis-si-ma, We lift our suits to thee, O-ra pro-no-bis, 'Tis night fall on the sea. Watch us while

Duet. The Land of the Blest. Music, Wm Clifton

Affettuoso.

The sun-set is calm on the face of the

deep, And bright is the last lip of day in the west; And bound by the beams of its part-ing glance warm, Like the path that conducts to the land of the

Cres.

p

Cres.

ff

The Land of the Blest. Continued.

Blest.

All gold-en & green is the sea as it flows In bil-lows just heav-ing to kiss the shore; And fast as it

Repeat to last Blest.

p

And crimson and blue is the sky as it glows, With col-ors that tell us that daylight is o'er. And cool-ness and blackness

End.

The last line of light is now melting the sea,
And the first star of night is twinkling its beams in the sky;
It seems that a sweet voice is calling to me,
Like a bird on that pathway of brightness to fly.
For on the wave is a green sunny isle,
Where the last cloud of evening pure radiance in the west
Is the island that Spring ever wears with her smile
O seek it, the bright, happy land of the blest.

Sunday, Feb 12th 1837.

E.C.M.